



A Small Volume

Author Unknown

Public domain.

Non-commercial use.

Appropriated cover photo transformed.

The Dream of the Heroin Queen

Floating on an Ocean
made of Milk from an
Heifer crazed on Poppies.
White, blue Veins
lifeless, paralyzed Eyes.

Abyssinia Cutter—
Wriggling fly Larvae
comatose Lover.
Purple Spoon, ruin.
Drifting, coming Moon.

The Solitary Wolf

A Lonesome Wolf

A Solitary Wolf

Feared Monolith

Why does this Wolf scream?

The Wolf Adores the Moon.

Bloodied Talons—

Bloodied Fangs—

Spiked Pelt—

Golden Bullet—

This Wolf is a Man.

A Killer Asp

The sign of the King

Feared Fangs

Seizes the Lungs

Worm Turns To Butterfly

Cocoon

a concrete prison

Cob webs

a mutant grub

Earthworm

shape-shift Monarch

Hatching

feet emerging

Butterfly

flaps its fins

Stinger

poised poison

Soaring

blackest deep

For Hornet

scolded by the Mouth of the Hornet

loved by the Mouth

eaten by the Mouth

anger is the roar of the Hornet

anger is the Claws

anger is the Heart

is this Beast in the beauty of the Eye?

is this Beast the beholder of the Storm?

is this Beast a Needle in the Rye?

in a pack or a school or a Swarm?

Hornet in Flowers

Pistil insemination

Nectar overflows

PAX MACHINA

Ancient Death

Nazi Mind

Psychopath

Girl gut

Razor hole

Blood lust

Dark water

Murder! Killing!

Terror-Horror

Legs of boy

Devil Eyes

Menses frenzy

Fear Me

Evil teeth

The Recluse

He was holding by 8 Spider Arms
Alexander fought with Spider Fist
A Spider Net derides long Victims
Spider walked, rising water spout
He lives lonely in the Spider Hives
A Spider never Cheops for a Veját
Teeth for Brown Recluse Spiders
Wiggle, wiggles, wiggled insiders.

American Auschwitz (The Devil's Womb)

Over the walls Christian Warriors, eyes glowing bright gold
with the Light of Christ Jesus! Rappel!

Through the gates freed Jew slaves, Ram's horn heralding
glory HOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMB!

Projecting downward, the first to infiltrate the enemy,
invisible, righteous, a billion, billion, billion Bodhisattva
paratroopers!

Release the wolves—

Release the cobras—

Release the eagles—

Release the rhinoceroses—

Release the fire ants—

As a Greek Hero's armor reflected the Sun as it rang-out

As a wave of boots once stepped on to Omaha Beach

As a Comanche brave applied his war paint

As Beowulf & Odysseus dropped giants

As Kings were forced from colonies

Open the baby cages Communists!

Open the baby cages American mothers!

Open the baby cages heirs of Black African chattel!

Open the baby cages Cherokee, Sioux, Ute!

Open the baby cages unwashed masses, the poor,
wretched refuse from this dying shore, a stricken nation,
yearning to breathe free!

At first do no harm

Do not tread on them

For they know not what they do

Resist with no violence

Resist with a loving heart

Should they strike you offer yourself again

Sperm Whales— tip the vessels!

They are in the waters

Great Whites— mash then shake!

Piranhas— Airborne! Quick!

Boa Constrictors— squirt their innards!

Crocodiles— clamp hard!

Jellyfish— Charge!

Sting Rays— sharp part!

In the name of Allah

Pull those babies from the Devil's womb!

The spreading wide my narrow Hands
To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings

"I Dwell In Possibility" by Emily Dickinson

"Prologue" by Anne Bradstreet

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your
painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys
Picking out here one that I love, and now go with him on brotherly terms

"Chicago" by Carl Sandburg

"Song of Myself" by Walt Whitman

Water hollows stone

Like spilt dye from a rock

"Wind, Water, Stone" by Octavio Paz

"The Garden" by H.D.

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray

While I weep — while I weep!

"Do not go gentle into that good night" by Dylan Thomas

"A Dream Within a Dream" by Edgar Allan Poe

Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

I think we are in rats' alley

Where the dead men lost their bones.

'Tam o' Shanter' by Robert Burns

"The Wasteland" by T.S. Eliot

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!
Children picking up our bones
Will never know that these were once
As quick as foxes on the hill;

“The Bridge” by H.W. Longfellow

“A Postcard from the Volcano” by Wallace Stevens

The Hero Of Ticonderoga

Hear! Hear! Of Benedict
Slowed the British at Quebec
A year when none of us were alive
Revolution Seventy Five
A wounded leg without complaint
Saved the cause at Lake Champlain
When it seemed the war was over
Captured them, Ticonderoga
Won again at Bemis Heights
Without his due he felt a slight
Married a British Loyalist
His future would obscure his past
But should the books bemoan the man?
Benedict Arnold freed our land

Isis Colossus

Who is this Pillar of Freedom that heralds Ra?

Is She an Emerald Siren that heralds the Sun-Ra?

Is no Woman an island?

Is no Woman at Freedom to?

Is no Woman a Siren?

Spring-heeled as a carving of Zeus—

Crowned as Queztalcoatl—

Folds between Her thighs!

Isis Colossus

Neither Juno nor Cleopatra?

Neither Athena nor Malinche?

We rise inside of Her.

We come to Her.

She holds Our Qi.

She holds Our Seed.